E Kolleyer

FRATERNAL MELODY.

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL ODES, CANTATAS, AND SONGS,

FOR THE USE OF

The Moſt Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of
FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

The moſt Noble Order of BUCKS.

The Honorable Order of SELECT ALBIONS.

The Honorable LUMBER TROOP.

The Ancient Corporation of STROUD-GREEN.

The Ancient Family of LEECHES.

The Worthy Court of DO-RIGHT.

The Free and Eaſy Counſellors under the
CAULIFLOWER, &c. &c. &c.

Adapted to the moſt celebrated Ballad Tunes; and illuſtrated with Annotations, and Anecdotes of ſome of the ORDERS.

To which is added,

AN ODE,

In Honor of the laudable Inſtitution of the Proteſtant Charity-Schools.

By WILLIAM RILEY,
MEMBER OF THE SEVERAL SOCIETIES.

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M DCC LXXIII.

[Price Two Shillings.]

I've been to Leicester since you've been
If you'd been in the Garden you'd have
heard me moan
I'm sorry for that quoth he

Husband will you do one favour for me
Dal, lal. &c
Husband will you do one favour for me
Let to fetch me an apple from yonder tree
Ah! that's what I will said he
(Da Capo)
The poor man then climbs up the tree
Dal, lal. &c
The poor man then climbs up the tree
beat jumps the blade and away runs he
That's cleverly done quoth the
(Da Capo)

W N A
Bib Bodl
HARDING

APOLOGY.

THE AUTHOR of the following Trifles, thinks it a Duty incumbent on him to apologize for ſuch an Attempt; and therefore begs Leave to aſſure the Reader, that they were not intended for the public Eye; but that, as he occaſionally became a Member of the ſeveral Societies, his ſole Aim in compoſing them was, to promote that ſocial Mirth, and ſtrict Friendſhip, for which thoſe Fraternities are ſo juſtly celebrated.

His firſt Attempt having met with a favorable Reception from the Fraternity for which it was deſigned, induced him to proceed farther; 'till at length, the Number of Songs, and the many Requeſts for Copies of them, rendered him incapable of complying with the Solicitations of his Brethren, in any other Manner than *this*; which he hopes will be a ſufficient Excuſe for their appearing in print.

He deſires the Reputation of a Poet, as little as he merits it; and therefore

he is under no Anxiety about the Critics Cenſure; who ſeldom commend any Productions but their own; and who, as they peruſe every New Publication, only with Intent to point out it's trifling Blemiſhes, or Defects; may, in their *own* Opinion, find more in this, than in others; and raſhly condemn, as abſurd, ſeveral technical Terms, and Expreſſions peculiar to the different Societies, by being Strangers to their Myſteries.

Therefore, as Candor is not to be expected from *ſuch* Critics, he ſhall make no other reply to them, than in the Words of a late moſt excellent Poet;

" Let them cenſure! What care I?
" Their partial Malice I defy."

The great Number of Brethren who have honored the Author with their Names, is a convincing Proof of *their* Approbation of his Performance, which is the only Thing for which he was ſolicitous.

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SUB-

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Arlander Thompſon, Fleet-ſtreet.
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Giles Turner, Bartholomew-lane.

U

William Umfreville, Eſq;

V

Mr. Vernon, of the Bank.
Vickars, Fore-ſtreet.
Viall, Highgate.

W

Mr. Wright, Grand Buck of the Hanoverian Lodge
John Wilkes, Eſq; and Alderman.
Mr. Wawen, Friday-ſtreet.
Winbolt, Goodman's Fields.
Ward, Organiſt of St. Antholin and St. Bartholomew the Great.
William Wheeler, Parkers-ſtreet.
Waſcoe, Iſlington.
Francis Williams, Charles-ſtreet, Weſtminſter.
William Ward, New-ſtreet-ſquare.
Frederic Warwell, Drury-lane.
White, Poultry.
Wright, Hackney.
John Wells, Fetter-lane.
Wade, Lambs Conduit-ſtreet.
William Wade.
Henry Ward, Biſhopſgate ſtreet.
Waterhouſe, Holborn.
Willoughby, Brook-ſtreet, ditto.
Williamſon, jun. Holborn.
Wheeler, Drury Lane Theatre.
Wright, Hatton Wall.
Warren, Piccadilly.
Winter, Devonſhire-ſtreet.

Mr. Wingfield, Butcherhall-lane.
Wayn, Organiſt of St. Alban, Wood-ſtreet, and St. Mary Stratford, Bow.
Ward, Wells-ſtreet, Oxford Road, 2 books.
Wright, Lime ſtreet.
William Warrall.
Whitchurch, Fleet-market.
Worſley, Old Bailey.
Williams, Sherborne-lane.
Walker, Pater-noſter Row
Thomas Weley, Duck-lane.
Watkins, Diſtaff-lane.
Willis, ditto.
Whywall, Baſing-lane.
Whittell, ditto.
Peter Walker, Goodman's Fields.
Joſeph Wood, Chancery-lane.
Wilkinſon, Craven Buildings, Drury-lane.
Warren, Holborn Bars.
William Warren, Chancery-lane.
Sheriff Whittow, of the Ancient Corporation of Stroud-Green.
Wickins, Warwick Court, Holborn.
John Warner, Red-lion Court, Fleet-ſtreet.
Winchester, Holborn Hill.
Woodland, Alderſgate-ſtreet.
James Wilkinſon, London-ſtreet.
Wace, Roſe-ſtreet, Newgate-ſtreet.
Wiggleſworth, America Square, Minories.
Thomas Watſon, Bedford ſtreet.
Wilce, Cold Bath Fields.

Mr. Waine, Grey Friars.
John Webſter, S. V. Grand of the Brunſwick Lodge of Bucks.
Thomas Waghon, Dean-ſtreet, Holborn.
Watts, Houndſditch.

Y

Mr. Young, Fleet Market.

Fraternal Melody.

ODE, ſacred to MASONRY.

Deſigned for the Grand Gala, or Grand Feaſt.

RECITATIVE.

SING heav'nly Muſe, of Science fam'd of old,
By Sages wiſe yclep'd Free-Maſonry;
Firſt known in Eden's pleaſurable bow'r,
When Angels grac'd the Sylvan ſcene; ere Man
The ſtings of guilt had felt within his breaſt,
Or Sin, and Death, had 'ſcap'd the bounds of Hell.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Oh! join the raptur'd ſtrain, ye Hoſts ſeraphic,
And, with the happieſt of the human race,
Praiſe this our Art, which bounteous Heav'n deſign'd
A Type of future bliſs.

AIR.

Let our Songs, the ſkies aſcending,
Ev'ry myſtic charm rehearſe;
Muſic all it's powers blending
With the ſweetly flowing verſe.

Let the ſoft harmonious meaſures,
Still the glorious theme employ;
While we taſte ambroſial pleaſures,
Pleaſures which can never cloy.

CHORUS.

Come, and join the choir fraternal,
Imitate the Choir above;
Where the ſcenes are ever vernal,
All is harmony and love.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Now let th'inſpired *Enoch be recorded,
Whoſe pious care preſerv'd the Royal Art
On ſculptur'd Pillars, form'd of brick, and ſtone,
Which brav'd the ſhock, and fury of the Deluge.

DUETTO.

To †Nimrod too
Give honor due,
Exulting in his ſtory;
Record his name,
Advance his fame,
Immortalize his glory:

* Enoch, who prophecy'd of the Deluge, and final Conflagration, erected two Pillars, the one of brick, and the other of ſtone, whereon he engraved an abridgment of the liberal Sciences, in order to tranſmit them to poſterity. And Joſephus affirms, the ſtone Pillar remained in Syria to his time.

† Nimrod, which, in the Jewiſh and Chaldean Languages, ſignifies Rebel, was the name given him by Moſes, and by the Iſraelites, by way of invective; but his Friends in Chaldea, called him Belus, which is interpreted, Lord.

He form'd the * Plan,
By which we ſcan
A Maſon, from another;
The ſecret Art
We ne'er impart,
But to a plighted Brother.

CHORUS.

Securely reſts the ſecret Art,
Within the plighted Brother's Heart.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

Sound, ſound a loftier ſtrain, ye ſons of Science,
To Salem's King, ſound the harmonious Lay,
The wiſeſt Monarch, and the greateſt Maſon.

* The ancient records of the Free-Maſons, aſſert, that he was their firſt Grand Maſter, and that he gave riſe to their faculty, and univerſal practice, of converſing without ſpeaking, and of knowing each other by Signs, and Tokens, which was neceſſary after the confuſion of Tongues, in order to carry on his future deſigns in building, &c. which plan he ſettled before their diſperſion, or Migration.

The

The Royal Hiram, and the Tyrian Artiſt,
Shall likewiſe in our Songs be both remember'd.

TRIO.

Hail! myſterious number † THREE!
Pillars of Free-Maſonry;
Wiſdom, Strength, and Beauty, join'd,
In this triplet are combin'd.

CHORUS.

The Monarchs, for Wiſdom, and Strength, we admire,
And Beauty ſhines forth, in the Artiſt of Tyre.

RECITATIVE.

By theſe, the Art receiv'd a ſecond birth,
And flouriſh'd in true dignity and ſplendor,
The wonder of the Eaſt.

† Solomon, King of Judea, Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram Abif, the cunning Workman, are typically repreſented as the three great Pillars of Maſonry, (which they brought into form,) and to whom the Maſons give the very elegant, and proper epithets, of Wiſdom, Strength, and Beauty.

AIR.

AIR.

But now, in fair † Britannia's Iſle,
The Muſes and the Graces ſmile,
And Maſonry inſpires
The Britiſh Sage, as well as Youth,
With thirſt of knowledge, love of truth,
And pure fraternal fires.

AIR.

The Schools of Athens, Greece, and Rome,
Are far excell'd within the Dome,
Where Maſonry explains her myſtic Rights,
While Cynthia fair, her ſolemn Orgies lights.

GRAND CHORUS.

Let all that tread this hallow'd Ground,
In ſearch of Wiſdom's ſacred lore,
Thy praiſes, Maſonry, reſound,
From Pole to Pole, and Earth's remoteſt Shore.

† Though Maſonry flouriſhes in moſt civilized Nations, it receives the greateſt encouragement in Britain, there being more Lodges under the Conſtitution of the Engliſh Grand Maſter, than of all the other Grand Maſters together.

THE

THE

MASON'S WISH.

A CANTATA.

Set to Muſic by Mr. Olive, Organiſt of St. Botolph, Alderſgate.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE Sons of Laughter trip the revel round,
" In noiſy Riot, and Intemp'rance
" drown'd :"
While the intoxicated giddy Train
Seek pleaſure, where they'll ever ſeek in vain ;
Let me enjoy it unreprov'd, and free,
I ſeek it in the paths of Maſonry.

AIR.

Hail Maſonry ! enrapt'ring Art !
Preceptor of the Tongue and Heart ;
O !

O! lead me to the happy ſeat
Of Love and Friendſhip, bleſt retreat;
Where Peace, and Harmony, conſpire
To fan the ſacred ſocial fire.

Hail moral Science! ever bleſt,
Fair Virtue's Friend, by all confeſt:
Unblemiſh'd Truth's Ætherial Rays,
And Honor, live but in thy Blaze:
Freedom, and Innocence, combine,
And prove thy rectitude, divine.

Then with thee let me ever dwell,
In Palace, Cottage, or in Cell;
With ſocial Joys ſerenely gay
I'll paſs the pleaſing Hours away;
'Till from thy Manſions I remove,
To Realms of endleſs Peace and Love.

An ENTER'D 'PRENTICE's SONG.

To the old Tune.

WHEN quite a young Spark,
I was in the dark,
And wanted to alter my ſtation;
I went to a Friend,
Who prov'd, in the end,
A Free, and an Accepted Maſon.

At a Door he then knock'd,
Which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good Face on,
And not be afraid,
For I ſhould be made
A Free, and an Accepted Maſon.

My wiſhes were crown'd,
And a Maſter I found,
Who made a moſt ſolemn Oration;
Then ſhew'd me the Light,
And gave me the right
Sign, Token, and Word, of a Maſon.

How great my amaze,
When I firſt ſaw the Blaze!
And how ſtruck with the myſtic occaſion!
Aſtoniſh'd! I found,
Tho' Free, I was bound
To a Free, and an Accepted Maſon.

When clothed in White,
I took great delight
In the Work of this noble Vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd
When the Lodge he explain'd
Of a Free, and an Accepted Maſon.

I was bound, it appears,
For ſeven long Years,
Which to me, is of trifling duration:
With Freedom I ſerve,
And ſtrain ev'ry Nerve
To acquit myſelf like a good Maſon.

A Bumper then fill
With an hearty good Will,
To our Maſter pay due veneration,
Who taught us the Art
We ne'er will impart,
Unleſs to an Accepted Maſon.

The WARDEN's SONG, at closing the LODGE.

Tune, *Come, learn by this, ye Batchelors.*

THE Sun is set, the LODGE is clos'd,
And we our Work have done:
Then, Brethren, let us all rejoice,
To see the setting Sun.

Bright Phœbus in his gilded Car,
His daily course has run:
And we have finish'd quite complete,
By setting of the Sun.

Then since we have perform'd with care,
The Work which we begun;
Let ev'ry Mason take his glass
At setting of the Sun.

With Friendship, Mirth, and Innocence,
We will be all, as one;
And spend a joyous Hour, or two,
At setting of the Sun.

We'll baniſh Dullneſs far from hence,
And Diſcord we will ſhun;
That they may not diſturb our cheer
At ſetting of the Sun.

Like Phœbus', in his *Thetis'* Arms,
(When theſe our Joys are done)
Our "Breaſts ſhall beat to Love's alarms"
'Till riſing of the Sun.

But firſt in myſtic Form we'll drink,
E're we proceed to fun;
And thank our Maſter for his care
'Till ſetting of the Sun.

The Character of a MASON.

Tune, *The Big-Bellied Bottle.*

ALL you that would know what a
Maſon muſt be,
A while give attention, and liſten to me;
I promiſe that I'll not detain you too long,
But his Character, briefly ſum up in a Song.

The

The moral Law he, by his Tenure muſt keep,
Be likewiſe well ſkill'd in our Myſt'ries ſo deep;
For if with the Art well acquainted is he,
Nor Atheiſt, nor Libertine, he'll ever be.

He's a peaceable Subject, wherever he works,
Conſpiracy never within his Breaſt lurks;
He's loyal, he's honeſt, he's true to his Word,
Which makes him Companion for King, Duke, or Lord.

He's a good Man and true, and he acts on the *Square*,
He lives within *Compaſs*, he's juſt to the Fair;
Immoral, and ſcandalous Men are refus'd,
That our Laws, and Traditions, may not be abus'd.

He's taught by our Art, not to do his own Will,
But his Paſſions ſubdue, like a Craftſman of Skill;

The Preferment he gains, to his Merit is due,
If by chance he is one of th' intelligent few.

Tho' a Maſon is Fellow, and Brother to Kings,
What levels them moſt, to them moſt honor brings;
And the deference which th' Inferior gives,
The Superior, with modeſt reluctance receives.

A Maſon's Tongue hangs in a Brother's defence,
With Topics improper, it ne'er gives offence;
In ſhort, if you'd know what a Maſon muſt be,
Apply, be Accepted, and own'd to be Free.

A MASON's ADVICE to the LADIES.

Tune, *O my Kitten, &c.*

IT has oft of the Females been ſaid,
(But you'll own the report is not true)
That they are not Free-Maſons made,
For they cannot their Paſſions ſubdue;
That they never can ſubject their Will
Nor be bound any Secrets to keep,
No, never can keep their tongues ſtill,
Except when in bed, faſt aſleep.

See how common fame will tell lies!
And ſcandalous ſtories retail!
But Maſons thoſe always deſpiſe,
Who againſt the fair ſex dare to rail:
There are ſeveral Females renown'd
For ſentiments truly refin'd,
Whoſe conduct is conſtantly found,
By the Craft, to be juſt, true, and kind.

The thrice myſtic number of NINE,
And the myſtical number of THREE,
The Muſes, and Graces divine,
Are the Damſels I mean that are free:

The Cardinal Virtues ſo bright,
Who preſide o'er each principal Sign,
And Cynthia, who governs the Night,
In the Lodges reſplendently ſhine.

But 'tis not theſe fair ones alone,
For Innocence kindly each Night,
Vouchſafes to deſcend from her Throne,
To clothe ev'ry Maſon in White:
There's *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity* fair,
Who teach us, the Ladder to climb,
As nightly, the Fabric we rear,
By *Induſtry*, *Patience*, and *Time*.

Then, Ladies, attend to advice,
And liſten to what I impart,
In Virtue, and Honor, be nice,
Learn to govern the Tongue, and the Heart:
In ſhort, you muſt copy the Fair,
Whom, I have juſt mention'd before,
And then, we will try, I declare,
To admit you within the Lodge door.

SONG,

SONG, at closing the LODGE.

Tune, *The Marquis of Granby.*

COME, lay down your Bevel,
Square, Plumb-rule, and Level,
And now, serious bus'ness is over,
Our Spirits, and flesh,
We'll recruit, and refresh,
And live, while we stay here, in Clover;
If a Glass of good Wine,
Renders mortals divine,
Of ev'ry profession, and station,
'Tis due to the Man
Who adopts the wise Plan,
Of a Free, and an Accepted Mason.

Tho' envy and folly,
Deride us, we're jolly,
We're honest, sincere, true, and hearty:
The phantoms, and dreams,
Of political schemes
We despise, for we're Men of no party:

With wiſdom, and taſte,
And with decency grac'd,
Is the ſubject of our converſation;
We ne'er give offence
To the ear, or the ſenſe,
Of a Free, and an Accepted Maſon.

Fair Peace, hither bending,
And plenty, attending,
Each night, have our Labors rewarded;
And the loud trump of Fame,
All our actions proclaim,
For which, we're ſo juſtly recorded:
To Honor, and Truth,
We're bound in our Youth,
By a ſolemn, and high Obligation;
Then let none defame,
The reſpectable Name,
Of a Free, and an Accepted Maſon.

ODE TO NIMROD,
The illuſtrious Founder of the MOST NOBLE ORDER OF BUCKS.

Set to Muſic by Brother *Edmund Gilding*,

Organiſt of St Martin, Ludgate, St. Edmund the King, and St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

CHORUS.

HAIL to Friendſhip! Hail to Mirth!
Hail to Thee, who gave them birth!
Hail great Nimrod! Pow'r divine!
Hunters Patron! God of Wine!
Thee we ſing, in jovial Lays,
We thy Godlike actions, praiſe;
Hail to Thee, thou Pow'r divine!
Jolly * Bacchus! God of Wine!

AIR.

Maſons praiſe thee for the † Art,
Which thou didſt to them impart:

* Or Bar Chus, the Son of Chus.

† The Art here ſpoken of, is their method of converſing without ſpeaking, and of knowing a Maſon, from another Man, by Signs and Tokens only.

DUETTO.

Bucks admire thy wondrous ſkill
In the Chace o'er Dale and Hill.

TRIO.

While, for deeds illuſtrious, we,
Celebrate the Deity,
Let the genial Bowl go round,
And the lofty Roofs rebound.

AIR.

Ere this noble * Art thou taught,
With Life's choiceſt bleſſing, fraught,
Chaos kept his gloomy Court,
Sordid Dullneſs baniſh'd ſport:

AIR.

Soon as thou the † Vintage preſt,
Mortals were ſupremely bleſt;

* The Art of Hunting.

† Nimrod is here celebrated for bringing the Vintage to perfection. The Egyptians paid him divine

Friendſhip, Mirth, and jolly Song,
Did their happy days prolong.

AIR.

Sound the mighty Hunter's praiſe,
Bring the Laurels, Trophies raiſe;
Join ye Bucks, advance his fame,
And immortalize his Name:

CHORUS.

Strike again, the trembling Lyre,
While our Voices ſwell the Choir;
Let us celebrate his birth,
With feſtivity, and mirth.

divine honor, as the God of Wine, and called him Oſiris. And it may not be improperly ſaid, that he preſided over the Vines, as he was the firſt King of Babylon, the Metropolis of Aſſyria, where, as the Ancients aſſert, were the moſt excellent Wines, which was the Nectar ſuppoſed to be drank by the Gods.

ODE,

ODE, in Honor of NIMROD.

Set to Muſic by Brother *Samuel Long*,
Late Organiſt of St. Peter Poor, Broad-ſtreet.

AIR.

BEGIN the Song, ye mirthful Crew,
To Nimrod's praiſe your ſtrains renew;
While cluſt'ring Grapes, our Temples crown,
And Nectar all our ſorrows drown;
Let Inſtruments aſſiſt our Lays,
While we our jolly Founder praiſe.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great Patron divine,
And offer the Grapes ſparkling Juice, at his Shrine.

AIR.

Let Harmony, and Wine, inſpire
Gay Mirth, and Friendſhip's ſocial fire;
With

With tuneful voice, and ſprightly ſtring,
Let each melodious Brother ſing,
His merry Ballad, Catch, or Glee,
To hail great Nimrod's Jubilee.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great Patron divine,
And offer the Grapes ſparkling Juice at his Shrine.

AIR.

Hail roſy God! immortal Pow'r!
The Guardian, of each blithſome hour!
* 'Till thou firſt gave th' empurpl'd Bowl,
To cheer, the languid Hunter's Soul,

* It is recorded in the Bucks Hiſtory, that Nimrod, having one day led the People, on a more than ordinary Chace, they were over fatigued with the toil of their Sport; and, in order to relieve them, he gave them a taſte of his moſt excellent Wine, which they had no ſooner touched, than their Spirits became exhilarated, forgetting their Toil, and ſpent the evening in Mirth and Jollity.

And

And crown with revelry the Day,
Triumphant Diſcord, bore the ſway.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great Patron divine,
And offer the Grapes ſparkling Juice at his Shrine.

AIR.

Again reſume the feſtal Song,
The Chorus join, ye jovial Throng;
The Rights of Bacchus ſtill purſue,
And give the jocund God, his due;
Our annual Tribute thus we'll pay,
While Mirth, and Friendſhip, crown the Day.

CHORUS.

Proclaim, O ye Bucks, our great Patron divine,
And offer the Grapes ſparkling Juice at his Shrine.

VENISON AND CLARET:

A CANTATA, in Honor of NIMROD.

Set by JOHN ALCOCK, Batchelor in Muſic.

AIR.

HAIL * mighty Hunter, hail!
Long may thy Art prevail;
And Health, with roſy grace,
Paint ev'ry Hunter's face;
While with echoing Hound, and Horn,
We rouſe the Game, and wake the Morn.

RECITATIVE.

'Till Godlike Nimrod grac'd th'Aſſyrian Throne,
To Man the art of Hunting was unknown;

* Moſes gave Nimrod the Name of mighty Hunter; and the Greek word Zagreus, by which Bacchus is ſtiled, ſignifies the ſame.

But when he led them to the Field and
Wood,
Th'enliv'ning Chace they eagerly purſu'd:
Wild Beaſts no more prevail'd, when
happy Man
Follow'd the mighty Hunter's glorious
Plan;
And Ven'ſon, by each Buck of taſte
ador'd,
Deck'd every Day the jovial Huntſman's
board.

AIR.

Then let us each Morning with Phœbus
ariſe,
And haſte, to the Woodlands, away,
To hail the bright God with the Hounds
cheerful cries,
Like Sportſmen true, jovial and gay:
Great Nimrod, our Founder, ſo brave,
and ſo wiſe,
With nervous ſpeed follow'd the Game;
Like him, my brave Boys, let us hunt
for the Prize,
Our reward is Health, Ven'ſon, and
Fame.

The

The Stag, when unharbour'd, bounds over the Plain,
Or flies up the health-breathing Hill;
True pleaſure we feel ſhooting thro' ev'ry Vein,
While thus we're exerting our ſkill:
Great Nimrod, our Founder, ſo brave, and ſo wiſe,
With nervous ſpeed follow'd the Game,
Like him, my brave Boys, let us hunt for the Prize,
Our reward is Health, Ven'ſon, and Fame.

The Horn's mellow Tone ſhall encourage the cry
Of the Hounds, while the Stag pants for breath,
Attempting in vain, his purſuers to fly;
And tamely ſubmits to his death:
Great Nimrod, our Founder, ſo brave, and ſo wiſe,
With nervous ſpeed follow'd the Game;
Like him, my brave Boys, let us hunt for the Prize,
Our reward is Health, Ven'ſon, and Fame.

RECITATIVE.

Once more, I'll ſound th' illuſtrious
Heroe's praiſe,
And chant him in anacreontic Lays.
Hail jolly Bacchus! by that name di-
vine,
We Bucks pay homage at thy purple
Shrine;
The Vintage * bled at thy all-pow'rful
nod,
And Mortals Thee confeſs'd their ſo-
v'reign God.

AIR.

To our Founder young and gay,
We devote the jocund Lay;

* For this, and many other uſeful Inventions, ſuch as Architecture, Agriculture, Commerce, Navigation, Hunting, and the reducing Men into Society, and Union; his Son and ſucceſſor, Ninus, erected a pedeſtrian Statue to his memory, which the Babylonians deified, and called Baal or Bel. A. M. 2000. He was afterwards worſhipped under various Names, and declared a God by the joint ſuffrages of the whole World.

Fill the Goblets to the brim,
Pour Libations due to Him:
He ſupplies our feſtive Board,
With the choiceſt of his hoard;
While his Maxims we purſue,
Ven'ſon, Claret, is our due.

Crown'd with Roſes, drink and ſing,
Never-fading Ivy bring,
Emblem of the Youth divine,
God of Jollity and Wine:
We to him due honor pay,
While we're merry, free and gay,
While his Maxims we purſue,
Ven'ſon, Claret, is our due.

Fill the Goblets high again,
Let the Nectar flow amain;
To our jolly Founder raiſe,
Songs of triumph, Songs of praiſe:
So ſhall Bacchus us befriend,
While we at his Altar bend,
While his Maxims we purſue,
Ven'ſon, Claret, is our due.

N B. This Cantata, and the two preceding Odes, were written with a deſign to have them perform'd at an intended celebration of a grand Jubilee, in honor of the Illuſtrious Buck, NIMROD.

THE BUCKS ADMONITION.

To be Sung at the Initiation of a Brother.

Tune. *Had Neptune when firſt he took Charge of the Sea.*

TO the Words that I ſing, my good Brother attend,
They're the Precepts of Nimrod, our Founder, and Friend,
Who, to civilize Mortals, this ORDER gave Birth,
Which is fraught with the Joys of Health, Friendſhip, and Mirth.

Obey the Grand Buck who preſides in the Chair,
And pay off your Quit-rent, at leaſt once a Year;
So you, in due time, his ſucceſſor may be,
While thus you fulfil our great Founder's decree.

To the Deputies, Rangers, and Forresters too,
A proper reſpect is moſt certainly due:
Unanimity, *Induſtry*, *Freedom*, they prize,
In Hunting they're great, and in Council they're wiſe.

By the Rangers, a Leſſon moſt uſeful you'll gain,
That will teach you how wealth you may ſurely obtain:
Join *Freedom* with *Innocence*, *Wiſdom* with *Mirth*,
Theſe make us the happieſt Mortals on Earth.

Adhere to our Charter, our Hiſt'ry, and Laws,
And ſupport, like a Buck, our moſt excellent Cauſe:
Abide by the Motto, our Forreſters wear,
'Tis the ſtrength of our Lodge, and 'tis well worth your care.

But

But what moſt ennobles our ORDER, you'll find,
Is a Heart that's *benevolent*, gen'rous, and kind;
'Tis the Characteriſtic to which we aſpire,
And each Boſom inflames with the true ſocial fire.

The admiring World, with aſtoniſhment ſtruck,
Shall envy the bleſſings enjoy'd by each Buck;
While Bards ſhall, in future, record our great Name,
And our deeds be enroll'd in the Annals of Fame.

THE BUCKS MOTTOS.

Tune. *Roaſt Beef.*

FROM Noah's great Grandſon, our ORDER we trace,
Who invented, and taught us to follow the Chace,
By which, health and vigour we always embrace.
O! the brave Bucks of old England,
And O! the old Engliſh brave Bucks.

Then let us the ſteps of our Founder purſue,
And do as the jolly old Buck us'd to do,
Let's follow his Maxims with hearts firm and true.
O! the brave Bucks, &c.

And firſt, let us do nothing mean, or by ſtealth,
But, as *Induſtry's always productive of Wealth*,
Put our Hands to the Plough, 'tis conducive to health.
O! the brave Bucks, &c.

The Buck, who would never with Antlers be tipp'd,
Muſt be conſcious he never another's Doe leap'd,
But with *innocent Freedom* be always equipp'd.
O! the brave Bucks, &c.

Unanimity renders *Society* ſweet,
Our *Strength* it increaſes whenever we meet,
And makes our Fraternity truly complete.
O! the brave Bucks, &c.

Each

Each Buck, in his ſtation, ſubmits to the ſway
Of the Grand Buck, Moſt Noble, and never ſays Nay;
But when call'd on, we cheerfully cry, *We obey.*

O! the brave Bucks, &c.

The Day's Hunt when over, each jolly Buck hies
To the chace of the Bottle, and jovially cries
Let's drink, and be merry, *Be merry and Wiſe.*

O! the brave Bucks, &c.

Theſe Precepts ſententious, which Nimrod laid down,
Our Lodges inculcate, in Country and Town,
Which renders this ORDER, in ſuch high renown.

O! the brave Bucks, &c.

THE BUCKS INVITATION.

FOR TWO VOICES.

Set to Muſic by the AUTHOR.

WOULD you taſte the perfumes of the Morn,
While the Dew-drops beſpangle the Thorn;
Hark, away, when the ſounds
Of the Merry-mouth'd Hounds
Keep time with the Mellow-ton'd Horn;
Ere Phœbus with round ruddy Face
The tops of the Mountains ſhall grace,
To the Sports of the Day
Brother Bucks haſte away,
Purſue with new Vigour the Chace.

It was Nimrod, the jovial, and gay,
Who firſt taught us to hunt for the Prey;
And with full flowing Bowls
To enliven our Souls,
And joyouſly finiſh the Day:

Due

Due homage then pay at his Shrine,
Pour mighty Libations of Wine;
Fill up to the brink,
To his Mem'ry let's drink,
Proclaim our great Founder, divine.

SONG, for the Honorable ORDER of SELECT ALBIONS.

Set to Muſic by Mr. LINLEY of Bath.

YE tuneful Nine my Song inſpire,
And fill each Breaſt with rapt'rous fire;
Aſſiſt with ev'ry trembling String,
To make the vaulted Cieling ring;
While we record, in choral Strains,
The Band, where * *Union truly reigns.*

* The Motto of the Order, is, *Union truly reigns Here.*

Here

Here Friendſhip's ſeen in ev'ry Face,
And gives to Mirth a ſocial grace;
Here Peace, and Plenty, ever ſmile,
To bleſs the Sons of Albion's Iſle;
And ſcepter'd Wiſdom ne'er diſdains,
To join the Band, where *Union reigns.*

With feſtal Song, and roſy Wine,
We offer up at Bacchus' Shrine,
Who bleeds the Grape for Albions cheer,
Tho' France, and Spain, the Vineyards rear;
With Nectar he recruits our Veins,
And joins the Band, where *Union reigns.*

To make our happineſs complete,
Here Liberty has fix'd her Seat;
And does each Albion Son inſpire
With free-born Courage, matchleſs Fire:
No breach of Honor ever ſtains
The Band, where *Union truly reigns.*

Shou'd Spain with haughty ſtride advance,
And proudly ſhake her feeble Lance;

Or

Or Gallia's Sons (aſpiring Race)
Attempt to wound fair Albion's peace;
We'll dauntleſs brave the hoſtile Plains,
And prove, with Albions, *Union reigns.*

Then fill the Goblets to the brink,
And let each worthy Brother drink
Succeſs to Albion, and her Cauſe,
Her Rights, her Liberties, and Laws;
And joyous ſing, in choral Strains,
The Band, where *Union truly reigns.*

SELECT ALBIONS SONG.

Set to Muſic by the AUTHOR.

LET Albion's great Name be the Theme of my Song,
And the Chorus re-echo'd by every Tongue;
Let our Strains pierce the Skies, and extend to each Pole,
While the gay ſparkling Bumpers repleniſh the Soul.

"United we are" in the ſame glorious Cauſe,
The ſupport of our Country, our Freedom, and Laws:
May Albions in this happy Union delight,
While the Cliffs of our Iſle are enamell'd with white.

While

While *Union reigns here*, ſhall each brave Albion Youth,
Be fir'd with the love of fair Honor, and Truth:
The Patriot, the Soldier, are form'd on our Plan,
And to be a good Albion's, to be a good Man.

The ſoft God of Love, ſhall with Hymen unite,
And Beauty, our Courage, and Conduct requite:
Like our Champion, St. George, ſhall each Albion defend
The Fair, who adopts him her Guardian, and Friend.

To Unity, Liberty, Beauty, then join,
With three Cheers paſs the Toaſt, in a Bumper of wine:
May Albions Select, the dear bleſſings acquire,
And poſſeſs them all three, 'till the Globe is on fire.

SONG,

For the Honorable LUMBER TROOP.

Tune. *Belliſle March.*

YE Troopers attend
To your Comrade, and Friend,
I ſing of the brave Lumber Troop;
Such true-hearted Souls
Never toſs'd off their Bowls,
Nor is there ſo jolly a Group:
Ten thouſand, and more,
We have got in our Corps,
Ever ready a Caſk to ſurround,
And attack, Glaſs in hand,
While we're able to ſtand,
And fairly are cut to the Ground.

The plump roſy *God,
With his ever-green Rod,

* Bacchus and Ceres, are the Supporters of their Coat of Arms.

Our

Our Arms does ſupport, and adorn;
While Ceres attends,
And adopts us her Friends,
And preſents us a plentiful Horn.
† *To rejoice in the Night*
Is the Trooper's delight,
But yet we are *Merry and Wiſe*;
And the Heart-cheering Song
We in Chorus prolong,
When we take the Troop-Bowl by ſurprize.

If any ſhould ſneer,
And our Title, think queer,
We laugh at the Cynical Tribe;
Let them think what they will,
They may keep their Tongues ſtill,
For they never for us ſhall preſcribe:
From a *Patriarch of fame,
Our Troop took it's Name,
As when we enliſt, we are told,
But none can tell why,
We trace Hiſt'ry ſo high,
Except, in our Annals enroll'd.

† Alluding to their Motto. *In nocte lætamur.*
* Jacob.

'Tis not Blood and Scars,
We delight in, for Mars
This Troop never leads to the Field;
For Love's ſoft Alarms,
And the Bowl's ruby Charms
We prefer to the Spear, and the Shield.
Let a Bumber be crown'd,
And circle it round,
While, in Chorus, our Voices we blend;
To our Colonel's due praiſe,
With three Cheers let it raiſe,
'Till the Skies with the Chorus we rend.

SONG.

SONG,

FOR THE

Ancient Corporation of Stroud Green.

Set to Muſic by the AUTHOR.

YE Sons of Jollity and Mirth
Of each denomination,
Attend, while I rehearſe the worth,
Of Stroud-Green Corporation:
Tho' weak my Verſe, 'tis ſtrictly true,
And free from adulation,
The praiſes then let me purſue
Of Stroud-Green Corporation.

To fair *ASTRÆA's name we pay
Reſpect, and veneration,
Of her we tune the vocal Lay
At Stroud-Green Corporation:
Long may She here with us reſide,
And know none alteration,
† *May She ſtill flouriſh far, and wide,*
Like Stroud-Green Corporation.

* Juſtice
† From the Motto of the Corporation,
Juſtitia floreat, ut nos ab origine.

When met to take a cheerful Glaſs
In mutual recreation,
How ſweetly do the minutes paſs
With Stroud-Green Corporation:
Each Alderman his quota pays
And that's in moderation,
No longer than he likes, he ſtays
With Stroud-Green Corporation.

For Albion, happy would it be,
Were *thoſe*, in higher ſtation,
From Brib'ry, and Corruption, free
As Stroud-Green Corporation;
But ſuch high Crimes we're taught to
ſhun
At our Initiation,
Which, brighter than meridian Sun,
Makes Stroud-Green Corporation.

The mirthful Scenes we here enjoy
Exceed all expectation,
And Pleaſures, which do never cloy,
Attend our Corporation;
For to improper Company
We ne'er give invitation,
Leſt they diſturb the harmony
Of Stroud-Green Corporation.

What * ORDER can with this compare,
And boaſt ſuch regulation?
Or ſuch immunities does ſhare
As Stroud-Green Corporation?
In Brimmers ſince there's no deceit,
Take each a fit Potation,
'Twill make our happineſs complete
At Stroud-Green Corporation.

May Peace and Plenty ever ſmile
Throughout the Britiſh Nation,
And Pleaſure all our cares beguile
At Stroud-Green Corporation;
Here's Health, Succeſs, Proſperity,
To this Aſſociation,
Fill ev'ry Glaſs, and drink with me
To Stroud-Green Corporation.

* Or Society.

SONG,

SONG,

FOR THE

Corporation of STROUD-GREEN.

Tune. *The Magpie.*

COME let us unite,
Our Voices to Night,
Stroud-Green is the Theme of my Song;
That fam'd Corporation,
Of high eſtimation,
And Members that to it belong.

His Worſhip, the May'r,
Who ſits in the Chair,
Chief Magiſtrate is of this Court;
And while he preſides,
With pleaſantry guides
Our nocturnal Paſtime and Sport.

The

The Aldermen round,
For good-humour renown'd,
With Pleaſure ſubmit to his ſway;
The Sheriffs, Recorder,
And all the whole ORDER,
Moſt cheerful his Mandates obey.

Corruption, and Bribe,
Well known to the Tribe
Of Penſioners, Placemen, and Tools,
We avoid, to a Man,
The deteſtable Plan,
Adopted by Scoundrels, and Fools.

Here JUSTICE attends,
And dubs us her Friends,
We ſtrictly adhere to her Laws;
To moſt other Courts,
She ſeldom reſorts,
They're Strangers to Her, and her Cauſe.

Let Bumpers be crown'd,
And a Toaſt be put round
To the Worſhipful May'r of Stroud-Green:
May He live long, and merry,
Then reach Charon's Ferry,
Devoid of Care, Vapours, or Spleen.

FRATERNAL SONG,

FOR THE

Corporation of Gray's-Inn-Lane.

Tune. *A Cobler there was.*

WHILE ſome Inſtitutions their Origin date
From Adam, or Noah, or Nimrod the Great;
I'll ſing of another, that's not quite ſo vain,
For it took its firſt Riſe in Fox-Court, Gray's-Inn-Lane.
Derry down, &c.

As, in the Year * Forty, ſome hearty true Souls
Aſſembled, as uſual, to quaff off their Bowls;
While Bumpers went round, they, in humourous Vein,
Form'd a Court, at the Fox, in Fox-Court, Gray's-Inn-Lane.
Derry down, &c.

* MDCCXL.

A Lord-

A Lord May'r and Aldermen, govern this Court;
And, if you'll believe me, 'tis excellent Sport,
To ſee them ſo drolly thoſe Titles maintain,
When met at the Fox, in Fox-Court, Gray's-Inn-Lane.
Derry down, &c.

With Face plump and ruddy, and Belly ſo round,
Here Alderman Bacchus is conſtantly found;
For he, at the firſt Inſtitution, 'tis plain,
Was an Alderman made, in Fox-Court, Gray's-Inn-Lane.
Derry down, &c.

We meet to be merry, good-humour'd, and gay,
And ſociably paſs the dull Ev'ning away;
No Laws, or our Mirth, or our Freedom reſtrain,
When met at the Fox, in Fox-Court, Gray's-Inn-Lane.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' all Corporations to JUSTICE pretend,
In Court, if you happen to meet with a Friend,
She's brib'd, and corrupted, and turns Whore in Grain,
But ſhe ne'er was debauch'd in Fox-Court, Gray's-Inn-Lane.

Derry down, &c.

Then fill up a Brimmer, let's drink, and let's ſing
Our good Inſtitution, our Country, and King:
May each Corporation as loyal remain
As ours, at the Fox, in Fox-Court, Gray's-Inn-Lane.

Derry down, &c.

ODE,

In Honour of the laudable Corporation, inſtituted for the Support of the Rights, and Liberties, of the Ancient Borough of Southwark.

Tune. *Rule Britannia.*

SUPINE, as Southwark's Rulers lay,
Regardleſs of her injur'd Cauſe,
While proud Oppreſſion bore the Sway,
And trampled on her Rights, and Laws:
Some few Boroughnians, brave and free,
Join'd to regain her liberty.

Soon others join'd the worthy Band,
To reſcue Southwark from deſpair,
Whoſe Names, enroll'd, ſhall ever ſtand,
In Southwark's Annals, bright, and fair:
Come then, Boroughnians, brave, and free,
Join to regain her liberty.

And

And now, the Gen'rous, Juſt, and Wiſe,
Aſſiſt this great, and good Deſign,
Such noble Deeds ſhall reach the Skies,
And be proclaim'd on Earth, divine.

Come then, Boroughnians, brave, and free,
Join to regain her liberty.

Though London rears her haughty Creſt,
And Surry aims our Laws to ſway;
For LIBERTY we'll do our beſt,
And drive Oppreſſion far away.

Come then, Boroughnians, brave and free,
Join to regain your liberty.

SONG.

SONG,

FOR THE

Laudable Corporation of Southwark.

Set to Muſic by the AUTHOR.

WHILE Trifles prevail with a whimſical Town,
And, nightly, falſe Wit, and groſs Humour go down;
Our time we devote to a far nobler Cauſe,
The ſupport of our Rights, Independence, and Laws.

Renown'd for preſerving unſullied, it's Name,
Old Southwark ſtands high in the annals of Fame:
Recorded for * *Honor*, and fair *Liberty*,
Unbiaſs'd, unbrib'd, independant and free.

* The Motto of the Corporation is, *Honor et Libertas.*

Not

Not like to ſome Boroughs, who (falſe to their Truſt)
To their King, and their Country, alike are unjuſt:
We ne'er ſell a Vote, all our Actions are fair,
To the Commoner down, from his Worſhip, the May'r.

By th' Abbots of Bermondſey once we were ſway'd,
The Lord May'rs of London the next we obey'd;
And while they continue our Rights to defend,
To their Laws, the Boroughnians will cheerfully bend.

But ſhould they the Rights of the Borough invade,
It's Laws be infring'd, or it's Int'reſt betray'd,
We're firmly united, with Heart, and with Hand,
In defence of old Southwark, the Champions we'll ſtand.

Let

Let Wiſeacres this Inſtitution contemn,
(Regardleſs how much it is cenſur'd by them)
Without Charter, or Patent, we act what is right,
And we're true to our Truſt, tho' we get nothing by 't.
The * Candidate, who our applauſe would deſerve,
From *Honor, and Liberty*, never muſt ſwerve:
Such alone, our free Votes have a right to command,
Who Corruption, and Brib'ry can firmly withſtand.
Fill Bumpers around, and in Chorus then raiſe
Your Voices, in *Honor's and Liberty's* praiſe:
May this Corporation for ever remain,
Our Laws to protect, and our Freedom maintain.

* For Member of Parliament.

SONG,

FOR THE

Laudable Corporation of Southwark.

Tune. *Of Noble Race was Shinken.*

OF London's famous City,
While ſome Folks make a pother,
(Give us our due)
We're *all* true blue,
To Southwark's ancient Borough.

Againſt that Fiend, *Oppreſſion*,
We form'd this Corporation;
We're Loyal, juſt,
True to our Truſt,
As any in the Nation.

Bright

Bright *Liberty, and Honor,*
Are ſtrongly here united,
In ſpight of thoſe,
Who us oppoſe,
We'll ſee our Borough righted.

We're free, and independent,
Nor are we Tools of Party;
None of our Tribe
E'er took a Bribe,
We're honeſt, true, and hearty.

In gaily ſmiling Bumpers;
Now toaſt this Corporation:
May each remain
As free from Stain,
Throughout the Britiſh Nation.

CONSTITUTION SONG,

OF THE

Ancient Family of LEECHES.

Set to Muſic by the AUTHOR.

AS the Bucks, Antigallics, and others, each Night,
The praiſe of their own Inſtitutions recite;
Let us too, our Voices unite, I beſeech,
In Chorus, and ſing in the praiſe of a Leech.

Great * Nimrod, from whom we our Family trace;
Was fond of the Bottle, as well as the Chace;

* The Leeches claim Nimrod for their Patron, for bringing the Vintage to perfection.

For

For the Blood of the Grape, as old Hiſtories teach,
He brought to perfection, and ſuck'd like a Leech.

Soon the Juice of the Vine added Friendſhip to Mirth,
And the Bottle to each ſocial Virtue gave birth;
Unanimity he recommended to each,
As they nightly aſſembled, to ſuck like a Leech.

'Tis our Characteriſtic, as well as our Plan,
To ſtick by each other, as cloſe as we can;
And at Home, ne'er to make any diſcord, or breach,
But to cling to the Women, as faſt as a Leech.

Then let the Bowls flow with the rich purple Flood,
And crown ev'ry Glaſs, with the Grape's luſcious Blood;

Here's a Health, let it cheerfully paſs,
I beſeech,
To our ORDER ſucceſs, and to ev'ry
true Leech.

SONG,

FOR THE

Ancient Family of LEECHES.

Tune. *Come, let us prepare.*

YE Sons of dull Care,
To inſtruction give Ear,
Nor happineſs ſeek for in Riches:
Go, ſearch the Globe round,
'Tis here to be found,
With a Set of good Fellows, call'd
Leeches.

" What's

"What's Life without Wine?"
(That Liquor divine,)
An ancient wiſe * Author thus preaches:
And the plump roſy Prieſt,
Of the Bottle poſſeſt,
Will ſtick cloſe to't, and ſuck like the Leeches.

The Learn'd in the Laws,
(To mend a bad Cauſe)
So prolix, in handling their Speeches;
Tho' ſerious their look,
They'll ſwear by the Book,
That no Cauſe can compare, with the Leeches.

Ye Phyſical Tribe,
When e'er ye preſcribe,
To cure all our Pains, Aches, or Stitches;
Give Potions of Wine,
'Tis Medicine divine,
'Tis a Draught that gives Life to the Leeches.

* The wiſe Son of Sirach.

Ye Soldiers, who fight
For Wrong, or for Right,
Leave Plunder, leave Battles, and Sieges:
More pleaſures are found,
A Caſk to ſurround,
And attack, Glaſs in Hand, with the Leeches.

Tho' Sport in the Morn,
With Hound, and with Horn,
And Fox, in full ſpeed, ſo bewitches:
More jovial's the Taſk,
To chace a full Flaſk,
And the cloſe of the Day, with the Leeches.

In Hymen's ſoft Rights
Each Brother delights,
In Love we ne'er make any Breaches:
The Ladies will own,
Truth centers, alone,
In the Sons of ſtrict Friendſhip, the Leeches.

Then

Then ſtick by your Cauſe,
Conſtitutions, and Laws,
Nor mind what the dull Cynic teaches:
We'll ſing, and we'll laugh,
And full Bumbers quaff,
To the excellent ORDER of Leeches.

SONG,

FOR THE

LEECHES.

Tune. *Of Noble Race was Shenkin.*

ATTEND, my Brother Leeches,
And join with me in Chorus;
Tho' ſome there are
More ancient far,
They're not a Jot before us.

Tho' Maſons boaſt, from Adam
They trace their noble Order;
Believe my Rhyme,
'Till Nimrod's time,
Reign'd diſcord, and diſorder.

He made Mankind quite happy;
And ſet them all a drinking,
The Wiſe, the Grave,
The Learn'd, the Brave,
And rous'd them from dull thinking.

And thoſe, who ſuck'd moſt freely,
The luſcious Grape's production,
He them did call
True * Leeches, all,
Becauſe they liv'd by Suction.

* From their propenſity to the Blood of the Grape.

He gave them Laws, and Charges,
By which we are cemented;
They'll ſtand the teſt,
And are the beſt
That ever were invented.

Then, to our Patron's mem'ry,
Fill ev'ry one a Bumper;
With Glaſs in Hand,
Mind well the Grand,
And crown it with a Thumper.

SONG, FOR THE LEECHES.

Tune. *The Magpie.*

BRother Leeches rejoice,
Unite ev'ry Voice,
We're met to be merry and gay;
To the Bottle ſtick cloſe,
And take a large Doſe,
To forget the fatigues of the Day.

Let dull Pedants lowr,
Grave Sages look ſour,
And 'gainſt our Fraternity preach;
Tho' ſeemingly wiſe,
You may read in their Eyes,
That they'll privately ſuck like a Leech.

The Doctor, whoſe Pill,
Can cure ev'ry Ill,
Whoſe bliſters like Leeches ſtick faſt;
He pockets his Fees,
Tho' he miſs your Diſeaſe,
And himſelf proves a Leech at the laſt.

The

The Lawyer, whoſe Brief
Does promiſe relief,
While you can find Money in plenty;
He'll ſtick by your Cauſe,
Tho' repugnant to Laws
And ſuck 'till your Pockets are empty.

The Courtier ſo great,
Says—"Much for the ſtate
He will do," (while he fingers the Pelf;)
"By his King he'll ſtick faſt
As a Leech," but at laſt
He drops off, when he's ſerved himſelf.

The Laureat * Bard,
Who yearly ſtrains hard
To write ſomething *new* on his King;
He, perhaps, would turn Tail,
Should the Butt of Sack fail,
But while he ſucks *that*, he will ſing.

* The Poet Laureat's Gratuity for writing the Birth-day Ode, was anciently a Butt of Sack, the value of which, he now receives in Money.

The Ladies ſo nice,
With uplifted Eyes,
Oft wonder what Leeches can mean!
But they certainly know,
Their Sex are all ſo,
From a Cinder Wench, up to a Queen.

Like Siſter and Brother
We ſtick by each other,
And Suck, long as Sucking is good:
Jolly Bacchus gave birth
To our *_Friendſhip and Mirth_,
And we're firmly united by † Blood.

Then Waiter, —— more Claret,
True Leeches can bear it;
A Hogſhead place here on the Table:
We'll Suck, and be merry,
'Till red as the Cherry,
And ſtick to't as long as we're able.

* Alluding to the Motto of the Family, *Lætitia et Amicitia.*

† The Blood of the Grape.

SONG,

SONG,

IN HONOR OF THE

Worthy Court of DO-RIGHT.

Tune. *Heart of Oak.*

LET other Fraternities boaſt of their worth,
And trumpet their riſe, and antiquity forth;
There's none can our rectitude ever diſpute,
And our Title ſhall ſtrike the Malevolent mute;
In defence of our Freedom then let us unite,
And always be ready,
Steady Boys, ſteady;
For while we ſupport the great Cauſe we *do right.*

DO-

DO RIGHT is our Motto, to *do right*
is our Plan,
By our Country, our King, and between
Man and Man:
And if the great Folks to our Court
would belong,
We'd ſhew them the diff'rence between
Right and Wrong.
In defence of our Freedom, &c.

The tricks of the Law we deteſt, and
deſpiſe.
And, if diff'rence between any Mem-
bers ariſe,
His Lordſhip, with Juſtice, and Candor,
replete,
As Judge of this Court, to *do right*, takes
his Seat.
In defence of our Freedom, &c.

The Members ſurrounding, with Hearts
firm and true,
Give their Verdict, as all *honeſt* Jury-
men do.

No

No Jury to bribe, and no Council to fee,
Each Party, for nothing, here puts in his Plea.
In defence of our Freedom, &c.

Here Liberty, Loyalty, Honor, invite,
And Mirth, and Good-humour, reſide Day and Night;
While Bacchus, and Momus, attend the great call
Of the Court of DO-RIGHT, held in Liberty Hall.
In defence of our Freedom, &c.

To my Lord on the Bench, let a Bumper be crown'd,
And cheerfully riſing, all circle it round:
May Health, Peace, and Plenty, attend on his Seat,
"May he long live to *do right*, and we live to ſee't."
In defence of our Freedom, &c.

SONG,

For the Free and Eaſy Counſellors under the Cauliflower.

Tune. *Of Noble Race was Shenkin.*

YE Counſellors aſſembled
Beneath the Cauliflower;
Since Mirth and Song,
To Us belong,
Let's ſpend a joyous Hour.

We're ever *Free and Eaſy*,
Our Pleaſure knows no pauſes;
Without a Fee
We all agree
To plead each other's Cauſes.

Five

Five hundred Pounds per Annum
Each Councellor's Eſtate is;
And which our Grand,
With lib'ral Hand,
Preſents each Brother gratis.

If any proves unruly
And nothing elſe will mend him;
The Culprit, we
Do all agree
To Coventry to ſend him.

Thus while we keep good Order,
We Diſcord bid defiance;
While Wine gives birth
To ſocial Mirth,
And ſtrengthens our alliance.

Then fill around a Brimmer,
And crown the jovial Hour;
Since all that's done,
Or ſaid, is Fun,
Under the Cauliflower.

SONG,

For the Birthnight Club, at the Harrow, in Grey Friars, Newgate-Street.

Tune. *Since you mean to hire for Service.*

In MIDAS.

COME my Friends, and let's be jolly,
Drink, and ſing, the Hours away;
Baniſh Care and Melancholy,
Mirth ſhall crown this Natal Day.

While our Births we're celebrating,
When we at the Harrow meet;
Friendſhip's conſtantly in waiting,
Envy flies this bleſt retreat.

See, great Bacchus, us befriending,
Brings us plenty from his hoard;
Jocund Mirth, and Wit, attending,
Raptur'd, join the ſocial Board.

Let

Let the Tools of Adulation,
GEORGE's Birth in Chorus raiſe;
We, without diſſimulation,
And unpenſion'd, ſing his praiſe.

May this Day be ever joyous,
And our * FRIEND long live to ſee
Many ſuch as theſe employ us,
With content and jollity.

* The Gentleman whoſe Birthnight is celebrated.

THE

BRIGHT STARS OF ISLINGTON.

Altered from an Old Song, the 4th Verſe added; and adapted to the Tune, *A Cobler there was.*

WHILE of capital Wits the Town ſeems to be cloy'd,
And by Puppet-Shews, Jugglers, and Singſong decoy'd;
Let us, of the Village, the Cieling make ring,
And in Chorus, the Bright-Stars of Iſlington ſing.
Derry down, &c.

While

While Chaos preſides, and while Dullneſs is found
With Bloods, and Choice Spirits, falſe humour goes round;
But Dullneſs, and Diſcord, us dare not approach,
For our Senſes, and Morals, are ſound as a Roach.
Derry down, &c.

Ye Arts, and ye Muſes, to Iſlington haſte,
Where Sons of true Mirth, and good Senſe are embrac'd:
As a Planet of Genius each ſhines in his ſphere,
When once he partakes of * Jem. Jones's good Cheer.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' †DEATH, that grim Fellow, *patrols the north Road*,
And oft' in this Village, takes up his abode;

* At the *King's Head Tavern*, well known for his good-nature, and obliging behaviour to his Cuſtomers

† Alluding to an Epitaph in *Iſlington* Church Yard.

The Bright-Stars of Iſlington parry his Stroke,
And keep him at bay with Mirth, Wine, Song, and Joke.
Derry down, &c.

Then haſte from the City, and hither repair,
Drink deep of ſound Health, and of ambient Air:
Retire from the Smoke, and partake of our Wine,
Then as Stars of firſt magnitude, here you will ſhine.
Derry down, &c.

Shine forth all ye Stars, while a Bumper goes round,
Let the Goblets with Nectar prolific be crown'd:
May the Bright-Stars of Iſlington, long live and ſing,
And in gay ſparkling Brimmers toaſt England's good King.
Derry down, &c.

ODE,

ODE,

In Honor of the laudable Inſtitution of the Proteſtant Charity-Schools, in *London*, *Weſtminſter*, &c. &c.

Tune. *Rule Britannia.*

WHEN CHARITY by JOVE's Command,
Deſcended from ambroſial Day,
To bleſs *Britannia*'s fav'rite Land,
Celeſtial Choirs ſung this Lay,
Hail Britannia! happy Shore!
Poverty ſhall ſigh no more.

Soon as the meek-ey'd Fair-one came,
Her Altars blaz'd through *Britain*'s Iſle;
And Temples, ſacred to her Name,
Aroſe at her propitious Smile,
Hail Britannia! happy Shore!
Poverty ſhall ſigh no more.

The Wretched, ſunk in Depths of Grief,
With Sickneſs, Want, or black Deſpair,
In *Britain* ever find Relief *,
A ſafe and ſure Aſylum there.
Hail Britannia! happy Shore!
Poverty ſhall ſigh no more.

Our poor deſerted hapleſs Youth,
Whom POPERY long entic'd aſtray †,
By CHARITY are led to Truth,
And taught the pure and perfect Way.
Hail Britannia! happy Shore!
Poverty ſhall ſigh no more.

* The many Edifices erected in this Kingdom, for the Relief of almoſt every Species of Diſtreſs, ſufficiently evince the Truth of this Aſſertion.

† The CHARITY SCHOOLS were inſtituted as a Bulwark to the Proteſtant Religion, againſt the ſecret Attacks of Popery, according to the following Account which was attracted verbatim from the Minute-Books of the *Blue-Coat School*, Weſtminſter. "*November* 4th, 1700. In the late Reigne, when "the Roman Catholick Preiſts and Jeſuites were "buſie in makeing Proſelites, and to that end ſet "vp Free Schooles in the Savoy and other places, "in and about the City of *London*, inviting all poor "Children to be educated by them gratis; divers "well-

The Scene exhibited this Day ‡,
(Which other Nations cannot boaſt)
Muſt to the gen'rous Mind convey
Ideas of th' Angelic Hoſt.
Hail Britannia! happy Shore!
Poverty ſhall ſigh no more.

" well-diſpoſed Perſons, Inhabitants of the Pariſh " of St *Margarett*'s, Weſtminſter, and Communi- " cants of the New Church therein, To the Honor " of GOD, and for preſerveing and promoting of " the Religion by Law Eſtabliſhed in the Church " of *England*, did, by a charitable and free Bene- " volence, erect and continue a Free-School at their " owne annuall Expence, wherein Fifty poor Boyes " of the ſaid Pariſh, whoſe Parents were not able to " be at the Charge of their Teaching, were, and ſtill " are, carefully taught to Read, Write, caſt Ac- " compt, as alſo Catechiſed and Inſtructed in the " Principles of our moſt holy Religion, and put " out, when fit, to Trades, whereby they might " get honeſt Livelyhoods in the World."

‡ Upwards of 5000 Children, new Clothed, and Educated chiefly by voluntary Contributions, are annually aſſembled at *Chriſt-Church, Newgate-Street*, and being ſeated in the Galleries, and on a capacious Scaffold, erected over the Altar, at the Expence of their original Patrons, and annual Benefactors, *the* SOCIETY *for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge*, afford the higheſt Satisfaction to a benevolent Mind; but

Let Fame with golden Trumpet ſound,
Theſe noble Inſtitutions Worth:
And let this feſtal Day be crown'd
With Harmony and ſocial Mirth.
Hail Britannia! happy Shore!
Poverty ſhall ſigh no more.

their united Voices, when hymning the DEITY, enrapture the Imagination with the moſt exalted Conceptions of the celeſtial Choir. This affecting Solemnity, has been honored with the Preſence and Approbation of ſeveral illuſtrious Foreigners; and one of the beſt Princes that ever ſwayed the Britiſh Scepter, very much applauded theſe laudable Inſtitutions, as appears by the following Anecdote. "On "the 20th of *September*, 1714, as King GEORGE "the First went to St *Paul*'s, about 4000 Charity "Children were placed on a Scaffold 600 Feet long, "from Eaſt to Weſt, on the South Side of the ſaid "Cathedral, and as the Proceſſion paſſed by, the "Children ſung the firſt Six Verſes of the 21ſt Pſalm, "according to Sir *John Denham*'s Verſion. The "Prince of WALES (afterwards King GEORGE "the Second) being preſent on that Occaſion, was "pleaſed to ſay, That it was one of the fineſt Sights "he ever ſaw in his Life, and that he only wiſhed "his own Children had been with him, to have ſeen "them at the ſame Time."

W.N.H. Bib. Bodl. HARDING

h/n - Oct. 1901